

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

THE EAGLE'S POETRY, REDIVIVUS.

Doctors, it seems must continue ever agreeing to disagree. A popular lecturer, in the course of an address delivered in this city, the other evening, on the subject of "Words," his disquisition being substantially a discourse on the precision of speech, declared that the Wichita Eagle, of which he is a close reader, maintains the highest standard of pure English. The lecturer's unqualified assertion caused our principal Saxon nerve to fairly vibrate. The speaker is a writer by profession. Conversely, the editor of the Topeka Herald often complains of a lack of lucidity in the Eagle's editorials, that, indeed, they are so jarring as to confuse his comprehension. He has even likened some of our most felicitous, not to say academic, efforts to the productions of Colonel Major Jeltz. "Now," as the fond mother remarked of the antics of her hopeful, "here's where the funny part comes in." A few days since the Eagle reproduced a short poem entitled "Spring" on its editorial page, in which the singer called on the woodbine to "hymn the morn." The erudite editor of the Herald rips up the writer and tears to tatters his imagery, to the tune of a half column, finally spitting both out as something too silly to be detestable. The poem is a classic, written in the Fifteenth century. The explanation of how our pigeon-English critic fell all over himself will be found in the fact that the compositor accidentally omitted the author's name.

RECORD-BREAKING FOREIGN TRADE.

The foreign commerce of the United States is expanding at a tremendous rate this spring. The growth is divided between exports and imports, but the greatest difference between the last month or two and the corresponding part of 1902 is in the outward movement of merchandise.

In March imports were almost \$12,000,000 in excess of the record for the corresponding month of last year, and more than \$20,000,000 above the figures for March, 1901, but great as this increase was, it falls far below the gain of \$25,000,000 in exports compared with the corresponding month of last year. Taking imports and exports together, March was a record-breaker, for a spring month, and its total foreign trade has hardly ever been equaled, in the same length of time, at any season.

The imports of the United States are quite sure to exceed a billion dollars in the current fiscal year. That will surpass all records, and the exports were not enormous the balance of trade in favor of this country would be cut down far below recent averages. But the demand in other parts of the world for American products is so wide and strong that the excess of exports is likely to be nearly or quite \$400,000,000.

That is a great margin, and it ought to be enough to insure the continued cutting down of American indebtedness to Europe and the steady building up of the financial resources of the American people sufficiently to make them ready to take their destined place as the masters of the commercial world.

JOHNNY BULL AND THE WILD WEST.

John Hughes, late editor of the "Court Journal," writes up an incident which occurred the other day in England, in connection with the Wild West show, as proof of the good feeling existing between Americans and Englishmen. Mr. Hughes, who sends the editor of the Eagle a rough proof of his account of the affair, says:

"The 'Wild West' at Olympia paid England, with true American politeness, the high compliment of terminating with 'God Save the King' to all uncovered. Still a few gentlemen (evidently well-to-do Polish immigrants, to the surprise of many most courteous Americans, and others around, sturdily kept their hats on. This no sooner caught the eye of the Marquis de Leville, who lately thrashed the notorious pro-Boer (occupying a box) than he cooly sent the foremost stalwart alien's hat into the arena. A blow or two, aimed and parried, began a fracas, but on the Marquis explaining quite clearly to the foreigner that he would follow his hat in person to the arena, respect to the most loved king in the world was restored for a moment. Unfortunately, at that very minute the electric light temporarily went out, and another tall, stout man, also with his hat on, bumped against the already loyally-ruffed Marquis, which was too much for him, and he sent him headlong into the arena. But on the lights being put right the last man was found to be a tall official on duty, who speedily restored the hat pleasantly to its disloyal owner. This little comical episode was fortunate, for of late in England it is often most irritating to see so many hats on during the playing of our national anthem, and if more men mingled this necessary mark of loyalty with pluck, aliens would respect more the country where they gain both their freedom and their fortunes."

MORE THAN TEN YEARS BETWEEN PANICS.

It is time to note the cheering fact that more than ten years have passed since the last great panic began in the United States.

By the first of April, in 1893, the troubles of the business world had developed enough to show shrewd observers that a great crisis must be endured. Wall street had been shaken terribly by great failures. The money market was in bad condition, and the blight of fear and demoralization was spreading fast. The federal government was in straits for income to meet its expenditures. Its credit was changing for the worse. Its money system was in a very bad state, and the threat of a scaling down of all obligations by the destruction of the gold standard was contributing largely to panic and commercial and industrial stagnation.

It is needless to go into particulars concerning the contrast between such conditions and those which exist now. The difference is so complete and so evident that no one can fail to appreciate it if he remembers the spring of 1893 in the business world. There is nothing in the state of trade and industry to remind any one of the evil days ten years ago.

It has long been an accepted theory of panics and periods of commercial and financial trouble that they begin every ten years, or at about such intervals. A large part of the business men of the United States have recalled with misgivings the fact that the last financial convulsion came ten years ago, and they have been less confident of the continuation of the good times which have been enjoyed for the last few years than they would have been if the usual interval between panics were not just ending. The feeling of uneasiness was natural, in the light of American commercial and financial records.

But it is time to consider the point settled that there will be a break in the line of precedents which have

made a large part of the business authorities in the country look for a panic every tenth year. The industrial and commercial outlook for 1903 is so good that no reason whatever can be given for expecting a crisis this year. At worst there will be more than ten years between the last panic and the next one. That is so much gained for the hopeful view of business prospects.

A NEW CONVERT TO SOCIALISM.

And now it is declared that Emperor William of Germany is becoming a Socialist. This may seem a startling rumor, but Bismarck was at one time a Socialist and never lost his Socialist leanings while he lived.

At any rate it is common knowledge that the emperor is a close student of social philosophy and economics, and has mastered the philosophies of Marx and La Salle, but that he should openly express admiration for the Socialist leaders after the severe denunciations from his lips when he ascended the throne seems most incredible. Yet it is said to be true.

What is there to be frightened at about Socialism? The mayor of Copenhagen and of several other European cities are Socialists. Many of the greatest scholars and college professors openly avow it. State and municipal ownership, which is one of the chief aims of Socialism, is even making surprising gains in the United States. Nowhere does Socialism advocate methods that are not strictly constitutional.

But even if William is playing politics in his late adulations of the Socialist leaders he shows great astuteness, for the Socialists polled upward of 3,000,000 votes last year, and this wonderful strength has all been gained in the last thirty years. They regularly control over one-fourth of the electorate votes of the empire. They are a very profitable party to make friends with.

William is showing a manly determination not to be afraid of ideas. He has tried it with theology and he is now studying Socialism. It is too strong to be suppressed. Even if he should become a convert to Socialism the German empire would not fall.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY.

Written by James Whitcomb Riley in 1898, and Read by Him at Shiloh Dedication Ceremonies April 6, 1903.

Old Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long blended ranks of the gray and the blue,
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to?
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
By day or by night,
Their delightful light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!

Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say, who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lips and whispers fell silent again.

Old Glory—speak out!—we are asking about
How you happen to "favor" a name, so say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it, and shout in our wild breezy way—
We—the crowd, every man of us, calling you that—
We—Tom, Dick and Harry—each swinging his hat
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,
When—Lord!—we all know we're as common as sin!
And yet it just seems like you humor us all
And wait us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone—
And this is the reason we're wanting to know—
(And we're wanting it so!)
Where our own fathers went we are willing to go.)
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—O ho!
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were—
For your name—just to hear it.
Repeat it, and cheer it, 'tis a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear—
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrow thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why?
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast
And fluttered an audible answer at last—

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod—
My name is as old as the glory of God.
So I came by the name of Old Glory.

Governor Bailey says he is going to give President Roosevelt a regular Kansas dinner. That means, we suppose, extra dry water and white seal butter milk between courses of pork and beef, with no cider or apple-jack on the side.

The salary of the chaplain of the Pennsylvania legislature is \$6 a day. Conceding that prayers are needed or are efficacious, that Missouri legislature should have at least two chaplains on double duty and under double pay.

That Spinkette Pot competitor having been wiped out by fire, Rockefeller's sleep last night was as gentle as an innocent babe's and as refreshing. Look out for an advance in the price of oil before sundown today.

Says a contemporary: There are eight gold dollars in the national treasury for every man, woman and child in the United States. Well, that will help some, but what we really need is eleven dollars and a quarter.

The Kansas agricultural board has issued its April wheat bulletin. So far as the per cent goes it couldn't have been made higher without inventing some new figures. The crop stands 100 and up.

The ghastly discovery of the Spanish skeletons in the bulk of the Reina Christina, just landed at Manila, is a reminder of what will be found when the wreck of the Maine is raised.

Can it be that Quay's skin is becoming thick with old age. Heretofore he has appeared to have almost a rhinoceros hide in its imperviousness to the attacks of the press.

A Chicago saloon was struck by lightning Sunday—but then, it would be hard for lightning to strike Chicago and not hit a saloon, on Sunday or any other day.

President Roosevelt is a very close observer. He quit spouting for a few days to observe how "Old Faithful" the geyser does the things.

As a manufacturer of yeast, Mayor Fleischmann of Cincinnati may understand how to "set" a political boom so that it will rise.

The fact that Russell Sage has lost \$40,000 lately in bad loans is an indication that it was time for him to go out of business.

The annual Kansas harvest hand problem is about as big and regular a perplexity as the Hessian fly and the chinch bug.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

The Eminent Statesman who never wastes his name was talking with the Conscientious Reporter who is so careful not to mention it.

"I can let you into a little bit of diplomatic history," said the Statesman. "I can tell you how the Tsar came to call the Peace Conference. Perhaps you could use it in your paper."

The Conscientious Reporter thought perhaps he might.

"It was this way: The Tsar had been pestered to death by people who wanted to sell him new explosives, machine guns, dynamite bombs, submarine boats and such things. They'd wait around before he had his breakfast and call him up on the telephone after he went to bed. When he went on a journey his destination was supposed to be kept a profound secret, and detectives were employed to guard his imperial person. Nevertheless, the moment he stepped on a railway platform, he was sure to be greeted effusively by somebody who would insist on shaking him the latest thing in nitroglycerine.

"Well, the crisis came at last. One morning the Tsar was busy in his private office preparing an article designed to show that an anti-expansion policy is an excellent thing for people who can't help it when a genial stranger walked in and announced himself as a canvasser for a new submarine boat. The Tsar was annoyed.

"How in thunder did you ever get in?" he asked. "I have given my guards strict orders to admit no one without my name comes here," said I. "To sell me a submarine boat, shoot him on the spot."

"Your Majesty should not be too hard on the people," said the visitor. "The brave fellows did the best they could, but what can you expect? I am a book agent. I am here, Your Majesty—and if you don't get out I'll send you to Siberia."

The man waved his hand deprecatingly. "Your Majesty," said he, "what is the use threatening an old book agent?"

"The Tsar thought it over and concluded that there wasn't any use," said he. "Now, look here, my friend," said he. "In a more conciliatory tone, I'm tired of these military and naval inventions. I bought eight machine guns last month and every blamed one is out of order, and only last Monday I got stuck on a submarine boat that wouldn't work. In fact, I knew it wouldn't work—I just took it to get rid of a canvasser. I'm going to swear off."

"I'm not surprised, Your Majesty. The peculiarity of the average submarine boat is that it won't work. But mine is different. It is never out of order. I can get out of order. And it is so deadly—it will blow up a navy in forty seconds. And the mechanism is so simple—the torpedoes are bound to hit the enemy—can't possibly miss. A child could operate it."

"And so on."

"The Tsar did the best he could. He asked the canvasser to call again, but he wouldn't, and he never wrote a letter of introduction to the Kaiser, although he knew that Wilhelm might justly consider such an act a cause belli. But the canvasser said he would not enter an interview so easily obtained. Then the Tsar played his last card. He said he was broke—hadn't a ruble. So the agent took him the boat on the installment plan.

"After the man had gone the Tsar buried his face in his hands and thought what a horrible thing he was doing, and he determined that something must be done.

"That night the invitations to the Peace Conference were sent out,"—William E. McKenna, in N. Y. Herald.

Mr. Tim Flanagan's Goat.

Typo-clerical shrill empyvopuopuupuu Tim Flanagan's goat, despite its mischievous propensities, had been for many years the pet and pride of the Flanagan family. But on his recent visit to the States he had become a little more of a goat than a pet. He had carried it too far. Tim, after carefully brushing up his old plug hat in preparation for the long and arduous parade of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, had incautiously placed it on the bench in the rear of the house. A few moments later the goat discovered it.

The most virtuous and self-restrained of goats—which Flanagan's was not—would have yielded to the temptation. Soon the hat had gone to the ground. Nothing is so pliable as a goat. The goat, however, no plug hat is likely to return. Then the goat added to the measure of its iniquities by chewing up a brightly colored red shirt which was hanging on the line to wash line. Although the erring goat did not deserve to have it so, the destruction of the red shirt ultimately proved its own salvation.

When Flanagan discovered the loss of his cherished file, the one in which he had expected to shine in the Hibernian parade, his heart was filled with wrath. Mrs. Flanagan came out to the door to reproach him for the language he was using, noticed the absence of the red shirt. At this double blow Tim's wrath redoubled. The goat had done it. He was beyond pardon. It must die. But the goat is still alive, still the pride of the Flanagan's. The memory of its misdeeds has been obliterated by the ingenuity of the goat. Flanagan, the goat saved his life.

"I took the basto out into the shed," said Tim, "and the goat went in. I saw the goat avoid a deserved fate, and I draw me gun to put a bullet in its head. An' he looks up, meek an' as if sorrowing for what he had done, an' he says, 'Me, 'tis you that will kill me, 'tis you that will kill me.' I didn't have the heart to kill him mid that look in his eyes. So I takes him over to the railroad track and ties him to the rail."

"There, me fine basto," I says to him, "when the train runs over you it will be a lesson to you not to tug hate an' red shirts, which I think you'll not be forgetting."

"Then I walks away."

About ten minutes later I hears the whistle of the engine. I goes to the end of me hat, me shirt, an' the goat. I says to meself:

"Ten comes some more whistles an' the train comes. I goes to the end of me hat, me shirt, an' the goat. I says to meself: 'The express had stopped, an' Pat Murphy, the fat engineer, was standin' formin' his engine, swearin' in a way to turn the hair of a saint. An' in the middle of the track, waving the red shirt in his mouth, was the goat. Goat. The knowin' animal had coughed it up an' flunged the train."

"'Tis a feller basto, that goat is, an' well able to take care of itself," I says. Tim, reflectively.—E. J. Webster, in N. Y. Herald.

It Was Put Up or Got Out.

Hardcash—I put up at the Waldorf last night.

McNamara—Yes, I suppose the clerk insisted upon your doing so before assigning you a room.

The Why and Wherefore. They say that man was made to mourn. Life's charms and pleasures seeming—You say that's the life of a man? To superintend man's mourning.

A Valid Reason.

It was in a history recitation in a country school, and to the question why some of the Hottentots at the close of the war fled to their native land, one small boy gave the reply:

"Cause some of them died."

More Zeal Than Discretion.

Salesman—This is the fashionable color this season—the very latest thing. Customer—I'm afraid it will fade in the sun.

Salesman—Oh, have no fear! It has been in the window exposed to the sun for more than a year!

"Turn Backward, O, Time."

Miner was picking her three-year-old and singing. "Go to sleep, pet, and be a big man."

Before she could finish, her little one called out: "I don't want to be a big man now. I want to be rocked to sleep."

His Reason.

Smithkins—There's old Bluffkins. I don't care to meet him. Let's turn this way. Last summer I requested a loan of \$5.00 from him. He said he'd be right back. I've been waiting for him ever since.

Smithkins—The trouble is, he did!

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

A tannery is proposed for Stroud. A more suitable place cannot be found.

An Alva man is going to start out in a show called, "She Was To Blame." Has fate no pity?

Cushing is pretty sore. The oil well drills worked a graft on the people, so the Herald claims.

Shawnee don't give her prisoners breakfast till after they have been tried. It is a very economical scheme.

The El Reno American devotes the first half page to the Rock Island's purchase of the waterworks. It's a desperate case. Col. Hawkins chartered a Lawton party out fishing last week. The order in Jonah and the whale will be reversed now.

One of the publishers of the Watonga Dispatch has gone to giving violin lessons. He's bound that the "fiddler" shall be paid.

It must have been the real old Virginia twist that produced that electric road connecting Oklahoma City, Norman, El Reno, et cetera.

The junior ends of two Lawton banks had a fistic encounter, and as a result the police court has become something of a clearing house.

Tom Hensley has started out to make the life of the present administration of El Reno very miserable, and it looks like he would succeed.

A retired old soldier at Ripley, who is a shoemaker, claims to have solved the sex problem of unborn children. He's probably a bachelor.

The Cretos Reporter is advocating the county owning their own printing plant. It says there would be no booting then. Wouldn't there, though?

The district court is "in bloom" at Enid, says the Wave. And now the question is will there be any more. A Lincoln county has the right now to call it a battle. There are six alleged murderers confined there.

Billy Edwards makes his triumphant return to Oklahoma with the Orient today. Governor Ferguson has been re-elected president of the Old Settlers' association of Blaine county. The Watonga Dispatch speaks kindly of the selection.

Hastings News is at amusing to note the little jealousy that exists between the northern and southern people who have settled here. It only amounts to this: The man from the north says, "You can't holler in my rain barrel," and the man from the south replies, "You can't slide on my cellar door." There is just as much amusement in one as the other if the cellar door has no nails in it, so we can't see why they can't play peacefully together.

Stroud Messenger: Sojourners in the Creek nation country should refrain from desecrating the last resting places of dead Indians. Hundreds were buried in the little shanties they died in, and the remains of the Eucenes' dead children were deposited in hollow trees. None but uncivilized white heathen are low enough to burn any of the "dead houses," or cut down trees that serve as repositories of extinct children. Such malicious mischief should be dealt with according to the strictest laws of human rights and man. Lots of chronic hunters and mischief-makers in the adjacent Creek country need fearless and ardent missionaries.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

Paint is a sure sign of prosperity. Red paint applied to the town is in the same class.

Black diphtheria has nearly wiped out a family near Emporia. Seven children have died.

David Evans, of Lawrence, is dead. He was a resident of that city for forty years.

Ice comes higher at Topeka this year but if you drink "it" warm there will be less foam.

The drill has reached a depth of 1,200 feet at Arkansas City. 1,600 feet is the limit per hole.

The Baker girls beat the Ottawa girls in basket ball. The victory is laid to the Methodist coaching.

The Topeka Capital has started another "machine fight" fairy tale. News must be scarce in that "dry" town.

Every town in Kansas that has a hand should have Sunday schools. There is no more elevating than good sacred music.

Kingman county has ghosts, but they're of the ancient order. Recently they robbed the bones of a grave, many years old.

The boy with the bean-shooter has already commenced his depredations. A little girl at Wellington was hit in the head.

A trunk line of telephones is to be built in the northern part of the state. Centennial will have 40,000 people to keep waiting then.

Those soldiers at Leavenworth are not holding up the honor of the army very well. One tried to burn the cavalry barn the other day.

A Republican at Concordia is contesting the Populist mayor. Some people will take a great deal of pains to be martyrs, so you'll find.

The state employment agent estimates that 15,000 bare feet hands will have to be imported this season, with colored blaine yet to bare from.

The Hutchinson Bee says that the officers think that a woman, who claims to be a spy, should be hanged. Is that a slam at Pratt?

A refrigerator thief such as is operating in Hutchinson must have a good deal of nerve. Imagine putting your hand into a refrigerator and getting the flu.

The Kansas City-Leavenworth electric line has failed to file its annual report, and the state railway assessors are threatening to sue it and preparing a suit at the same time.

Emporia Gazette: No matter what his station in life may be, a man is never backward about telling if he has slept in the stable and worked on a farm for half a month and heard the flu.

Who would suppose the fact discovered that she had a hole in the toe of her stocking than that she had "worked out."

Topeka Capital: Col. Ike Busby, the typographical compositor, drew a pension of \$4 a month. He got to get it, but Hoke Smith cut him down. Busby was in the First Kansas. "I was carrying more than a hundred dollars a month working for old John Speed in Lawrence. When I retired as a private at \$11 a month," says Busby. "Yet once in a while I hear from some damned skunk who doesn't believe in pensions. Who wants to know if the government didn't pay me for all I did while I was in the service?"

Clifton Clarion: Another Clifton young man has had the wet blanket thrown over his matrimonial ambitions, and it happened this way: As he was going home one night a woman dodged out between two buildings and grabbing him by the coat collar, she said: "I thought you were my husband." The young man has taken a pledge to remain in his single blessedness, and it is to be hoped that the female will take a pledge that in future she will spend her evenings at home and keep the handle of her head-piece out of other people's affairs.

Ottawa Herald: M. J. Hanks, the well known Democratic statesman of West Ottawa, was in today with the champion bad reads story of the season. Out one-half mile west of town and one-half mile north is a low, marshy place through which the road runs. During the time when the bad roads epidemic was at its height the place was impassable, but the roads over the country are now supposed to be in fair condition. A week ago Saturday Bert Miller, a young farmer living in Liberty district, was on his way home and went over this road. Unfortunately, he went to drive through the mud-hole, which he supposed was shallow. The horse got in, but never got out. The poor brute drowned in the mud. Last Monday morning, when coming to town to do jury duty, Mr. Hanks saw the dead animal dragged out of the hole. Miller talks of suing Ottawa township.

Geo. Innes & Co.

"Wichita's Largest and Most Popular Store."

Today Special Sale Ladies Fancy Stockings

Richelieu Ribbed, Mercerized Brilliant Lisle Hose, in black only. One hundred dozen pairs, worth regular 50c pair.

Today, 9 a. m. 27c pair; four pair..... \$100

Today Special Sale Fancy Silks

Today Silk selling reaches its climax. Hundreds of yards of silk that actually sold for \$1.25 a yard, in the neatest and most fashionable patterns and colorings.

Today, 9 a. m. 58c

Delivered, 10c week—DAILY EAGLE—Delivered, 10c week.

THE WICHITA Horse Sale

Is Sure to be a Grand Success May 5th-6th-7th

As we already have in the neighborhood of 150 head of horses consigned, such good ones as Silmont, 2-year-old, record 2:39; Thistle, 2:39; Young Joe, 2:41, trial 2:37; a half in a minute, and is pretty near sure to take a mark around 2:30 this year; Russell Silver, that stepped a trial mile last year at a 4-year-old in 2:38 and a half in 8 1/2.

A. E. Wills, Cherryvale, Kan., consigns a half brother to Walnut Hall, 2:50, and a half-sister to Wm. Mack, 2:50, both exceedingly promising.

D. Tinker, of Wichita, Kan., consigns one of the fastest and best bred mares in the west.

J. C. Taylor, of Emporia, Kan., consigns three head of well bred ones, consisting of King Norvar, stallion; is said to be a great race prospect and as good an individual as ever will be sold in a sale ring; sired by a son of Norval and dam by Sealskin Wilkes.

C. B. Lewis, of Trinidad, Colo., consigns six head of good race horses and prospects.

T. T. Godfrey sends a good prospect by a son of Ashland Wilkes.

S. Struble, of Wichita, Kan., consigns a good daughter of Myron McHenry and dam by Robert McGregor, dam of Dick Toler, 2:39; see, dam Ellen Clay by C. M. Clay Jr., and can trot a 2:30 clip at the present time.

C. C. Gentry, of Wichita, Kan., consigns his good young horse Midnight, that can pull a buggy a 2:40 clip.

T. W. Rottman, of Coyle, O. T., consigns his team of snow white ponies, one of the prettiest teams that ever will be sold in a sale ring, and the prettiest children's team that a line was ever pulled over.

J. B. Chandler, of Wichita, Kan., consigns a good trotter that can trot a quarter in 31 at the present time, and several other good ones.

R. A. Lehr, of El Dorado, Kan., consigns eight head of good ones.

J. S. Lehr, of El Dorado, Kan., consigns his good brood mare, Haver, by Addition, 1763, by Reno Defiance by Lewis Napoleon 35, by Volunteer 55, by Hambletonian 163, dam Alpha by Pretender 168, son of the great Dictator, sire of Jay-Eye-See 2:36, pacing 2:10 trotting, Phalaris, 2:39, Director, 2:41, sire of Dictator, 2:36, the fastest 4-year-old trotter in the world. This mare has a colt by her side by Rod Pepper, 3-year-old, record 2:24, and she is safe in foal to Golden Boy, by Col. Loomis, 2:39.

J. T. Heasel, of the Ninnesch Stock Farm, consigns twenty-one head of extra good brood mares and prospects, by his good horse Ninnesch. These are as good a lot of horses as ever sent to a sale ring, and his brood mares are sired by such good ones as Ashland Wilkes, Hatcher, Wilkes, Norval, Bekus, Eric Wilkes and Nin